PROSPECTUS;

WITH THE

SONGS,

DUETS, GLEES, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE NEW GRAND

DRAMATIC BALLET OF ACTION

CALLED

IMOGEN,

PRINCESS OF BRITAIN.

Partly founded on an event recorded in the Bernard and Zineura, of Boccaccio; but principally from Incidents "traced in narrative," and expressed in Action, of occurrences preceding, progressive, and conclusive, of the interesting Fable of Shakespear's pleasing and romantic Play of CYMBELINE,

BY MR. CROSS.

The new MUSIC, by Messrs. WARE, CORRI, Jun. and TAYLOR; with Selections from various admired Composers, by Messrs. CROSS and MAPLESON.

The OVERTURE, entirely new, by Mr. W. WARE.

The whole of the Scenery new and appropriate, designed by Mr. S. WHITMORE, and executed by him, Messrs. RUNCIMAN, MERRICK, CLARKE, J. WHITMORE, WILLIAMS, &c. &c.

The Machinery, by Mr. BRANSCOMB.

The Dresses designed by Mr. ROBERTS, and executed by Mr. BRETT, Mrs. NASH, and Mrs. WILLIAMS.

The Stage Properties, Banners, &c. by Mr. POPE.

And the introductory Combats under the direction of Mr. MONTGOMERY.

LONDON:

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OF

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By Mrs. CROSS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN preparing the Ballet of IMOGEN, PRINCESS *of* BRITAIN, *for representation, the Compiler proceeded with reverential awe, trembling at the undertaking, but impelled by the aptness with which the incidents seemed to tell in action, the air of romance and interest which pervades the fable, and the opportunity of introtroducing appropriate music, splendid dresses, and picturesque scenery, (the most prominent features which the limited entertainments of the* ROYAL CIRCUS *can embrace), he was induced to proceed.*

In thus bringing forward a subject which the muse of Shakespeare has rendered immortal, he trusts the wish to present the public with a rational and pleasing Spectacle, will plead his excuse, confident the humble representation of CYMBELINE, *at a summer Theatre, must rather prove a stimulus than a drawback to the just tribute of attraction and approbation its performance, as a play, must experience, supported by superior talents, and enriched with every aid the histrionic art can bestow.*

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Cymbeline, King of Britain, . . . Mr. Cranfield.
Cloten, Son to the Queen by a former Husband, Mr. Makeen.
Leonatus Posthumus, a Gentleman married privately to the Princess, ... Mr. Roberts.
Bellarius, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan, ... Mr. Helme.
Guiderius and Arviragus, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Bellarius, but in reality sons to the King, Mr. Hollingsworth and Mrs. Stewart.
Philario, an Italian, friend to Posthumus, Mr. James.
Jachimo, friend to Philario, . . . Mr. Bradbury.
Caius Lucius, Ambassador from Rome, Mr. Simpson.
Pisanio, Servant to Posthumus, Mr. Montgomery.
A French Gentleman, ... Mr. Rose.
Cornelius, a Physician, ... Mr. Male.
Druids, Messrs. Pyne, Woolf, Rose, Broadhurst, &c.
Roman Chiefs, Warriors, &c. &c. Messrs. Macdonald, Pyne, Woolf, Macartney, &c.
Principal Serenader, (with a Song), . Mrs. Stewart.

LADIES.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline, . . . Miss Manners.
Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline, by a former Queen, Miss Giroux, (her first appearance in serious Pantomime).
Helen, her Woman, ... Mrs. Barrett.
Ladies of the Court, Messdames Parkinson, James, Spencer, and Misses Jellet, Garboys, Murray, &c. &c.

SCENE I.

*HIS daughter, and heir of's kingdom, whom
He propos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow
That late he married) hath referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman.

SONGS, &c.

SOLO, GLEE, AND CHORUS.—DRUIDS.

SCENE I.

(The Music composed by Mr. WARE.)

British Regal Palace, &c.

MARRIAGE of Posthumus and Imogen.*

SOLO.---Mr. PYNE. *(Principal Druid).*

In happy union live sweet pair,
Each for the other born!
Three voices. Each for the other born!
Solo. Thou, Princess, hast a subject chose!
Whose worth can thrones adorn!
Three voices. Whose worth can thrones adorn!

SOLO.—Mr. PYNE.

But ah! to disobey thy Sire
May dire destruction bring,
An age of promis'd bliss expire
'Ere blooms one opening spring.

*————————For you, good Posthumus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate.

†Hence, from my sight!
If after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st; away!

‡'Tis outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart————

§*Imogen.* This diamond was my mother's, take it, heart;
But keep it 'til you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Posthumus. For my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fair prisoner.

SCENE II.

||Here comes the Briton.—Let him be so entertained amongst you as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality—I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine.

I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

If I bring you not sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are your's, so is your diamond too—if I come off, and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are your's, provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

CHORUS OF DRUIDS AND BARDS.

For blessings we put up our prayer,
Imperial mandates scorn,
In happy union live fond pair
Each for the other born!

The Queen promises them her protection,* but secretly inflames the King against them, who at length banishes Posthumus,† though apparently much against his inclination.‡---Posthumus and Imogen exchange tokens of affection.§

SCENE II.

(The Music composed by Mr. WARE).

A Splendid Apartment, &c.

Posthumus entertained by Philario.‖ --Introduced to Jachimo, who wagers his purse against the ring of Posthumus, that he will gain the affections of Imogen.

SCENE III.

*Now master doctor have you brought those drugs?
I do suspect you madam:
But you shall do no harm.

————————I know her spirit
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drug of such damn'd nature.—Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile—

†————Thou takest up
(Pisanio taking up the phial.)
Thou know'st not what—but take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death;—I do not know
What is more cordial.

‡Oh dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
A lady
So fair and fasten'd to an empiry
Would make the greatest king double, to be
partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield!
Be reveng'd;——

§Away! I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.

‖Give me your pardon,
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted.

¶Some dozen Romans of us and your lord
(The best feather of our wing), have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor.
May it please you
To take them in protection?

**Since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed chamber.

SCENE III.

(Music composed by Mr. WARE).

A Garden View, &c.

Queen demands from her Physician the drugs he promised her.---He presents her with a phial containing poison---afterwards changes it for one which will only occasion sleep.*---The Queen gives it to Pisanio, as a rich and beneficial cordial.†---Jachimo introduced to Imogen---makes love to her‡---is repulsed.---Represents Posthumus to be false.---is again repulsed§ and abashed, pretends he only meant to try her.‖---Requests her care of a chest, as an inestimable purchase made by Posthumus and his friends for the Emperor.¶---She consents, and orders it for safety to be placed in her bed-chamber.**

SCENE IV.

*But my design ?
To note the chamber :—I will write all down :
Such and such pictures, &c. &c.
One, two, three ; time, time !

SCENE V.

†I have assail'd her with musics,
But she vouchsafes no notice.

‡So like you sir, Ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

We must receive him.

§Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's—shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king in Europe.—I do think
I saw't this morning ; confident I am
Last night 'twas on my arm ;—I kiss'd it then.

SCENE IV.

(The Music composed by Mr. CORRI, jun.)

Imogen's Bed-Chamber.

The chest discovered.---Imogen in bed reading, kisses Posthumus's bracelet, and at length drops to sleep.---Jachimo comes from the chest, and approaches her---notes down the pictures, &c. in the room.---takes off her bracelet and retires into the chest again, &c. &c.*

SCENE V.

(The Music composed by Mr. CORRI, jun.)

The Balcony, &c. appertaining to the Palace.

Cloten, with serenaders, beneath the balcony of Imogen's window.

AIR.—Mrs. STEWART.

Arise fair maid a lover waits
To breathe his ardent sighs!
From verdant earth the dew retreats,
Bright sol illumes the skies!

His morning lay, the tuneful lark
Essays "high pois'd in air,"
"Wake, wake, to love" his strain is (hark!)
Arise, arise, bright fair!
An ardent lover breathes his sighs,
Arise fair maid—fair maid arise!

Cloten complains to the King and Queen, who enter, of her cruelty to him.†---They receive notice of Ambassadors from Rome, and go out to meet them.‡---Imogen courted by Cloten.§---She repulses him.---Perceives she has lost her bracelet. &c. &c.

SCENE VI.

*Then if you can
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: see!
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond.

Under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging

†My mother seem'd the dian of that time;
So doth my wife the nonpareil of this——
Oh vengeance! vengeance!

SCENE VII.

‡How? That I should murder her,
Upon the love, the truth, and vows which I
Have made to thy command!

§Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford Haven:
What your own love will out of this advise, you follow.

‖Oh! for a horse with wings! hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford Haven. Read and tell me
How far 'tis thither.

SCENE VI.

(The Music composed by Mr. CORRI, jun.)

Splendid Apartment as before.

*Posthumus and Philario, to whom enter Jachimo, who shews his memorandums to Posthumus, and at length the bracelet.---Gains the ring.---The despair of Posthumus.†

SCENE VII.

(The Music composed by Mr. TAYLOR).

Interior of the Palace, Regal Throne, &c.

Pisanio enters with a casket from Posthumus---he opens it, and discovers a dagger, with a command to destroy Imogen‡.---She enters, he informs her she is to meet Posthumus at Milford Haven.§---She joyfully consents‖---Bethinks her how to escape them. ---Orders him to provide her with a boy's dress.--- Cymbeline and the Queen on the throne.---Roman Ambassador enters and demands tribute, to which Cloten gives the following reply.

SONG. *(Cloten)*, Mr. MAKEEN.

(The Music of this by Mr. Corri, jun.)

Sure Britain's a snug little Isle of itself!
Where no one in his senses supposes,
We with Roman or Frenchman would barter our pelf
"Just to wear on our faces our noses!"
No, tho' we oft squabble, in this all agree,
We're too tough to be ever degraded;
And thousands there are, ten times tougher than me!
Who'll die 'ere our kingdom's invaded!

SCENE VII.

*Now say what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

When Julius Cæsar was in Britain,
Cassibilan, thine uncle, did for him,
And his succession, grant to Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

War and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee; look
For fury, not to be resisted.

I put but this question—for what should we pay?
If for day-light we ask'd, could you grant it?
The "moon could you put in your pocket" I pray
"Or hide the bright sun in a blanket?"
No, no, and you've now got your answer I trust,
So prithee don't take what thou h'st heard ill;
"For ere we pay tribute, e'en beat us you must
"Boldly out of our salt-water girdle,"

Tribute being refused by Cymbeline, the Ambassador declares war against him.*

SCENE VIII.

(The Music selected).

Chamber Gallery.

Pisanio enters with a boy's hat.---Imogen in boy's clothes follows and hurries him to escape with her. --- Cloten heard without,---his voice compels Imogen to retire.---Cloten deceived by Pisanio.--- The former disguises himself in a suit of Posthumus's, and sets forward for Milford Haven, determined to strike off the head of Posthumus, and return home triumphantly with Imogen.

N. B. The boy's apparel is here assumed by Imogen prematurely, but the necessity of allowing time for changing her dress will, it is presumed, plead its excuse.

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SCENE IX.

*But up to th' mountains,
He that strikes
The venison first, shall be lord o'th' feast.

†" Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me——"

" Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven——"

‡Why I must die——
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's.—Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart—
Something's afore 't—soft, soft, we'll no defence;
(Opening her breast),
What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turn'd to heresie? Away, away!
(Pulling the letter out of her bosom),
Corruptors of my faith, you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart; prithee dispatch;
The lamb intreats the butcher.

§No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear my sword, like me he'll scarcely look on't;
Such a foe good heav'ens! *(She goes unto the cave)*.

SCENE IX.

The principal part of this Music selected; the Song and Dirge by Mr. WARE, and the new Pantomime Music by Mr. CORRI, jun.

Mountainous View and Cavern.

Bellarius with Guiderius and Arviragus from the cavern.---The two latter go out in pursuit of the deer.*

AIR. *(Bellarius)*, Mr. HELME.

How hard to hide the sparks of nature!
Tho' rustic tutor'd from their birth;
The noble mind illumes each feature,
And, like the orb of day, breaks forth!

(Bugle Horn sounded.)

The game is rouz'd—unknown in story,
A monarch's heirs, bold outlaws play:
Oh! Grant ye powers the game were glory,
Their foster-sire would lead the way.

Imogen, in boy's clothes, enters with Pisanio.---He informs her of his instructions, and prepares to stab her.†---She, from being accused of falsehood by her husband, solicits him to obey his orders.‡---After much agitation he throws away the sword, &c.---She being near fainting, he gives her the phial given him by the Queen, and, hearing the bugle horn without, goes to prevent any impending danger.---She unable to uncork the phial drops it, and a storm commencing enters the cavern.§---Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arvira-

SCENE IX. CONTINUED.

*Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.

†Good masters harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took,

Here's money for thy meat.

‡I am near to the place where they should meet if Pisanio hath mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, &c. &c.

§I am sick still, heart-sick—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. *(Drinks out of the phial).*

‖ Yield thee; thief——

To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? A heart as big?
Why should I yield to thee?

¶Come let us lay the bodies each by each
And strew 'em o'er with flowers, and on the morrow
Shall the earth receive 'em.

**A headless man!—the garment of my Posthumus?
I know them well—this is his hand——

Murdered————
Oh, my Lord! my lord!

How! a page!——
Let's see the boy's face.

gus, enter from hunting the deer---discover Imogen in the cavern.*---She proffers money wishing to depart, but they make her welcome and solicit her stay.†---Cloten enters in pursuit of Posthumus and Imogen.‡---Trumpets sound.---Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus, go out to learn the cause.---Imogen extremely fatigued picks up the phial and drinks the contents as a cordial and re-enters the cave.§---Cloten returns.---Guiderius re-appears, and Cloten treating him contemptuously they quarrel and go off fighting.‖

The former re-enters with the head of Cloten ---Bellarius and Arviragus bring in the headless body, which they lay on the green bank.---The sleeping draught having taken effect, and Bellarius conceiving Imogen dead she is laid by its side.¶

SOLEMN DIRGE.

The words altered from Shakespeare, by GARRICK.

Fear no more the heat o'the sun,
Nor the furious winter's blast;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
And the dream of life is past.

Monarchs, sages, peasants must
Follow thee, and come to dust.

She awakes, thinks it the body of Posthumus and** faints.---Caius Lucius with part of his army marching over the mountains to meet the Britons, pass the cave

SCENE X.

*Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus!

†Oh Pisanio;
Every good servant does not all commands.——

‡I have conceal'd,
My *Italian* weeds, under this semblance
Of a British peasant; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with: so I'll die
For thee! O Imogen, for whom my life
Is every breath a death!

§The Queen is dead.
She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering
By inches waste you.
But failing in her end, repented
The ills she hatched, were not effected; so
Disparing, died.

and perceiving Imogen, rouze her from her situation, and causes her to follow him as his page.

SCENE X.

(The Music composed by Mr. Corri, jun.)

A Forest by Moon-light.

Pisanio enters in search of Imogen.---Hears Posthumus approaching, sprinkles a handkerchief with blood from his arm to deceive Posthumus, who entering demands if he has slain her.---Conceiving he has, by the sight of the bloody handkerchief * is irritated at Pisanio,†--- then draws his sword and vows to revenge her death on the Romans.‡---Cymbeline in his march to meet the Romans, halts on this spot.--- The muffled drum is heard without, and Cornelius entering, announces the death of the Queen.§---Bellarius and the youths Guiderius and Arviragus, inspired by warlike sounds, rush to join the Britons, and expel their antagonists the Romans, or die in their country's cause.

(The Music by Mr. Taylor.)

MARTIAL TRIO.

Hark the clarion's warlike sound !
Calls to arms each daring mind !
Shall we in coverts then be found,
Trembling like the timid hind.

No, our country's love alone,
Bids us to the battle hie,
For Britain, for its laws, and throne ;
We'll conquest share, or nobly die.

SCENE XI.

Enter Posthumus and Jachimo, fighting. Jachimo drops his sword.

**Posthumus.* Or yield thee, Roman, or thou diest:
Jachimo. Peasant behold my breast,
Posthumus. No, take thy life and mend it.

†Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute, that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourselves have granted.
So think of your estate.

Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was your's by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatened
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come:

‡This one thing only
I will intreat, my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

§I've surely seen him: boy,
Thou hath look'd thyself into my grace—
Live boy:

‖Oh give me cord, knife, or poison
Some upright justicer.

The temple of virtue was she:

¶Oh gentlemen, help,
Mine and your mistress—Oh, my lord Posthumus,
You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'til now.——

**Let a Roman and a British Ensign wave
Friendly together.

SCENE XI.

(The Music composed by Mr. Taylor.)

The Field of Battle.

Battle between the Romans and Britons.---Cymbeline taken,---rescued by Posthumus, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.---Romans driven off.---Jachimo and Posthumus fight.---Poshumus victorious, but spares his life. *

Battle renewed.---Jachimo taken prisoner, as also Lucius Philario and Imogen.---Jachimo in chains.---Bellarius, Guiderius, &c. together with Cymbeline and Posthumus enter.---Lucius is informed by Cymbeline that he and the Romans must die,†---he boldly submits, but solicits the life of his page ‡ which Cymbeline grants. §---Imogen casts her eye on Jachimo, who at length declares her innocence.---Posthumus throwing off his disguise attempts to kill himself,‖---she prevents him and discovering herself, Pisanio pleads her cause, &c. &c.¶

GRAND FINALE.

Wave wave, the British ensigns wave,
O'er the Roman Eagle high !
Hold ! the brave respect the brave !
Let their flags in union fly. **

Henceforth let our discords cease
Heroes like brothers should agree,
War give place to smiling peace
Hatred yield to amity !
Then Fame
Oh ! sound thy clarion and proclaim,
In Peace, in War, repulse, or Victory.
The Loyal Sons of Britain ever will be free !

D. STEWART, *Printer, Royal Circus.*

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